



ALL NEW



NO. 106
JUL.
00710
74/CDC

UK
6p

beetle bailey



00710

MORT
WALKER

beetle bailey

by mort walker

The **HAPPY** Pill

BLEAGH! I FEEL
AWFUL. I'M
GOING TO SEE
THE DOC.



I. JUST FEEL **LOW**,
DOC. I'M NERVOUS
AND JUMPY--

HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN FEELING
THIS
WAY?



ABOUT
TWENTY-ONE
YEARS



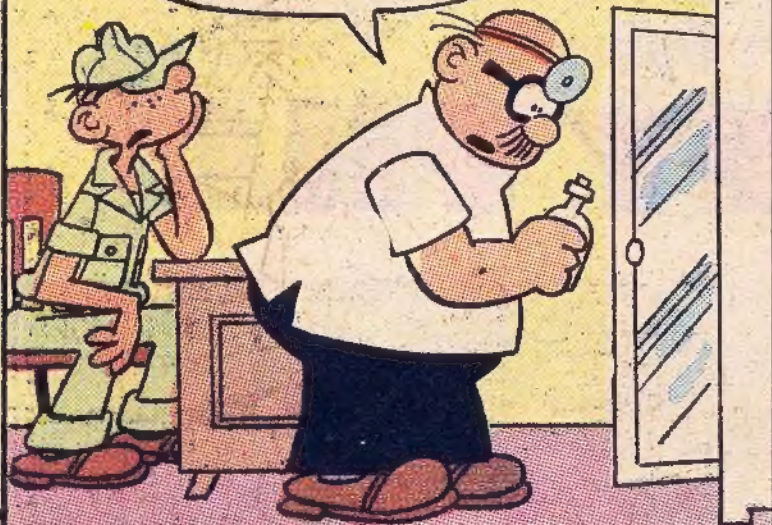
BEETLE BAILEY Vol. 7, No. 106, July, 1974,

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I THINK I'VE GOT
SOMETHING THAT
WILL HELP YOU



TRY SOME OF THESE
NEW **HAPPY PILLS!**
THEY'LL MAKE
YOU FEEL
BETTER



THEY'RE SAMPLES MEDICAL SUPPLY
SENT ME. I'VE NEVER
PRESCRIBED THEM
BEFORE SO LET
ME KNOW
HOW THEY WORK



OKAY, DOC!

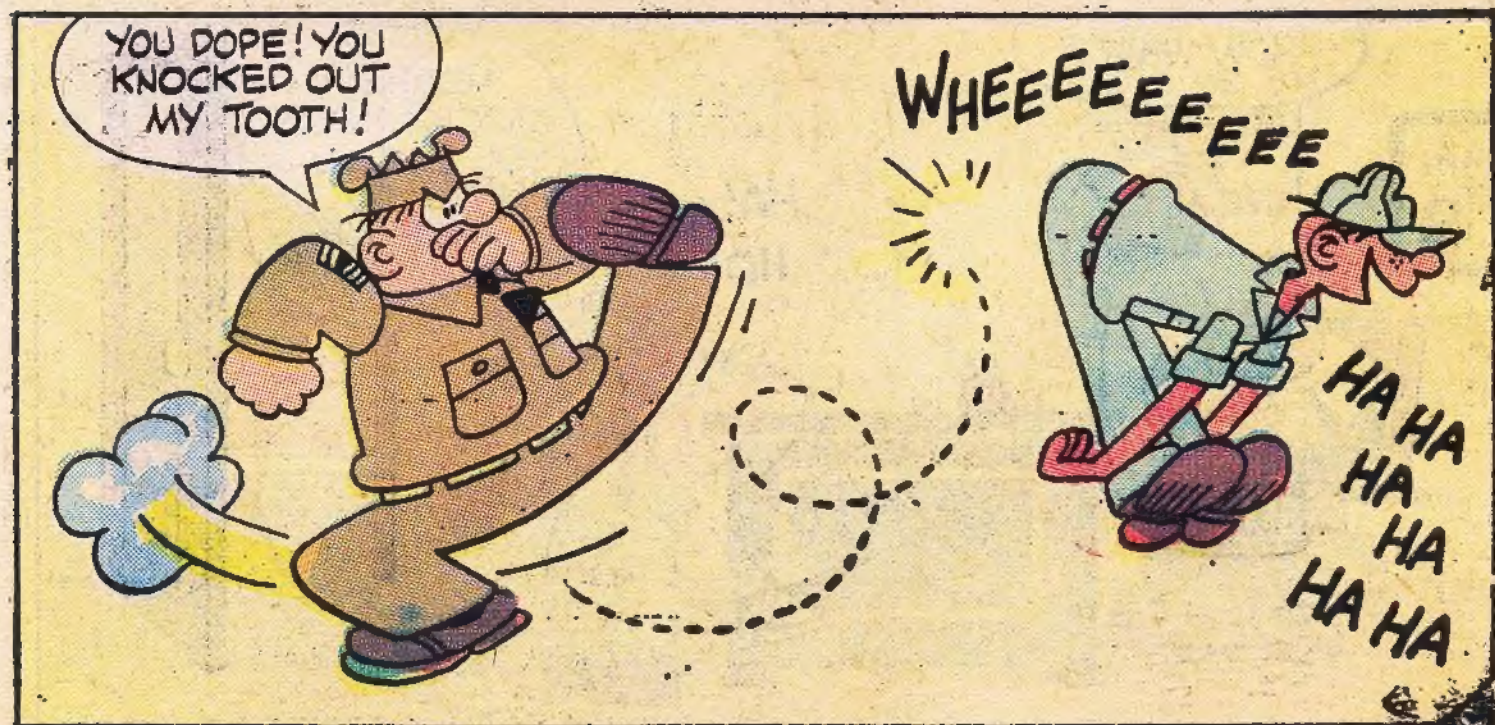
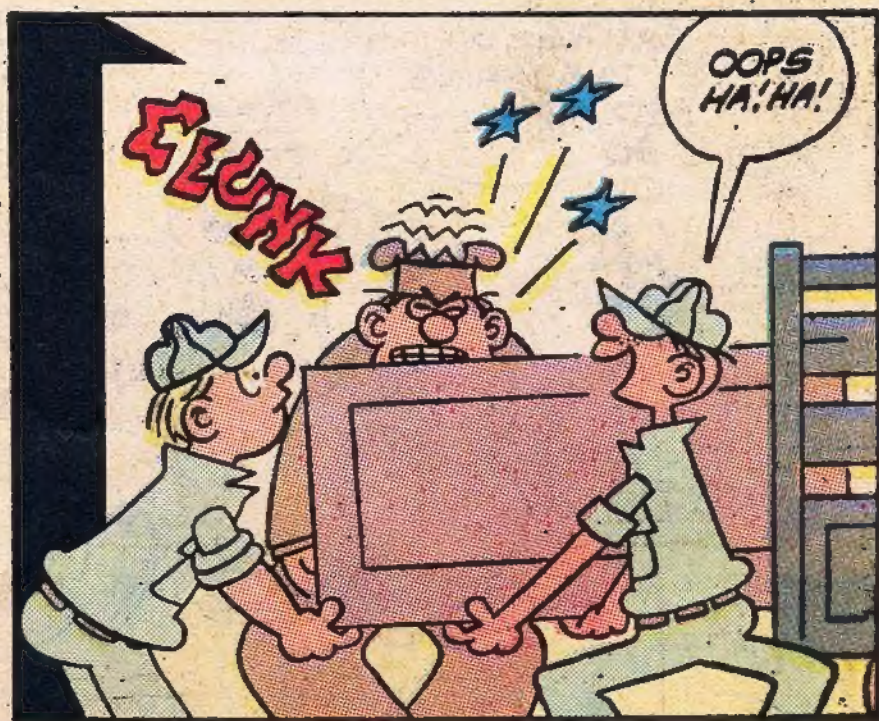
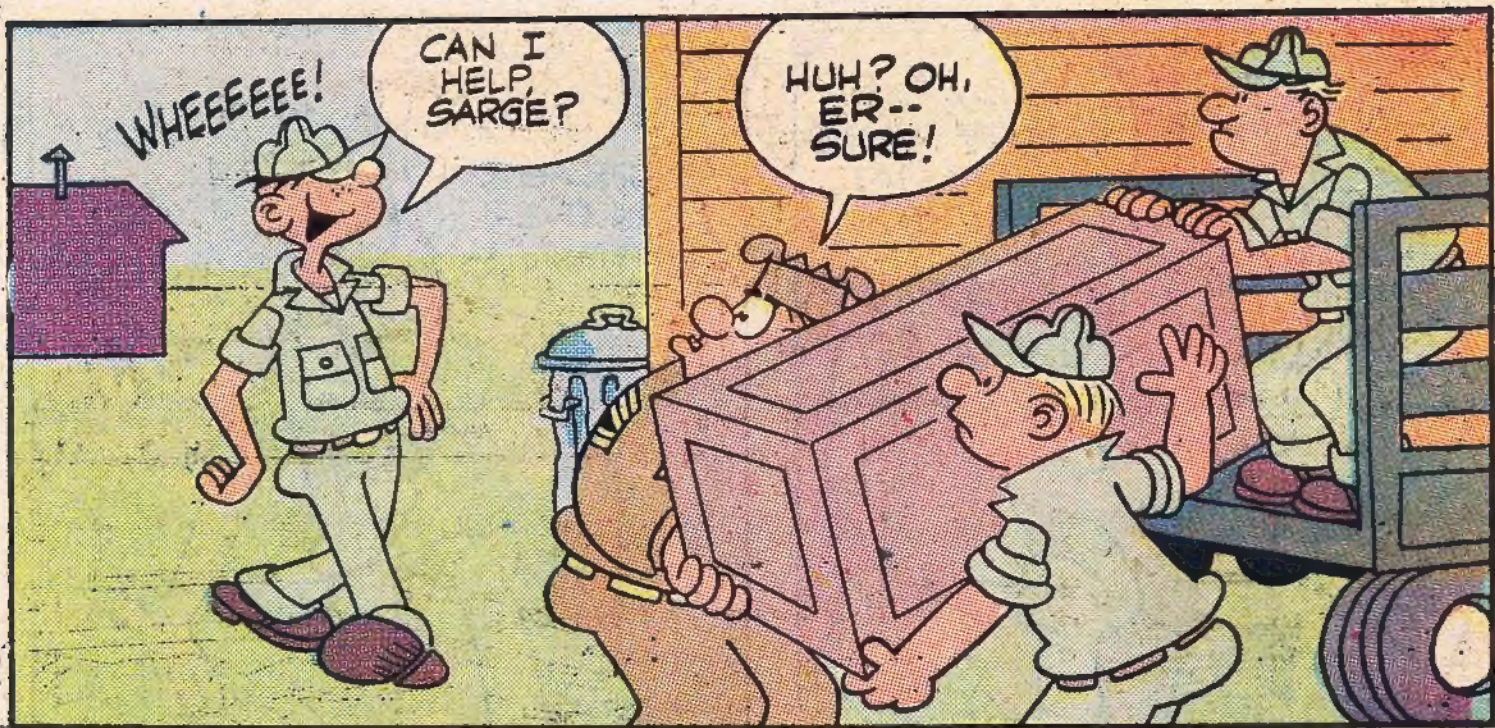


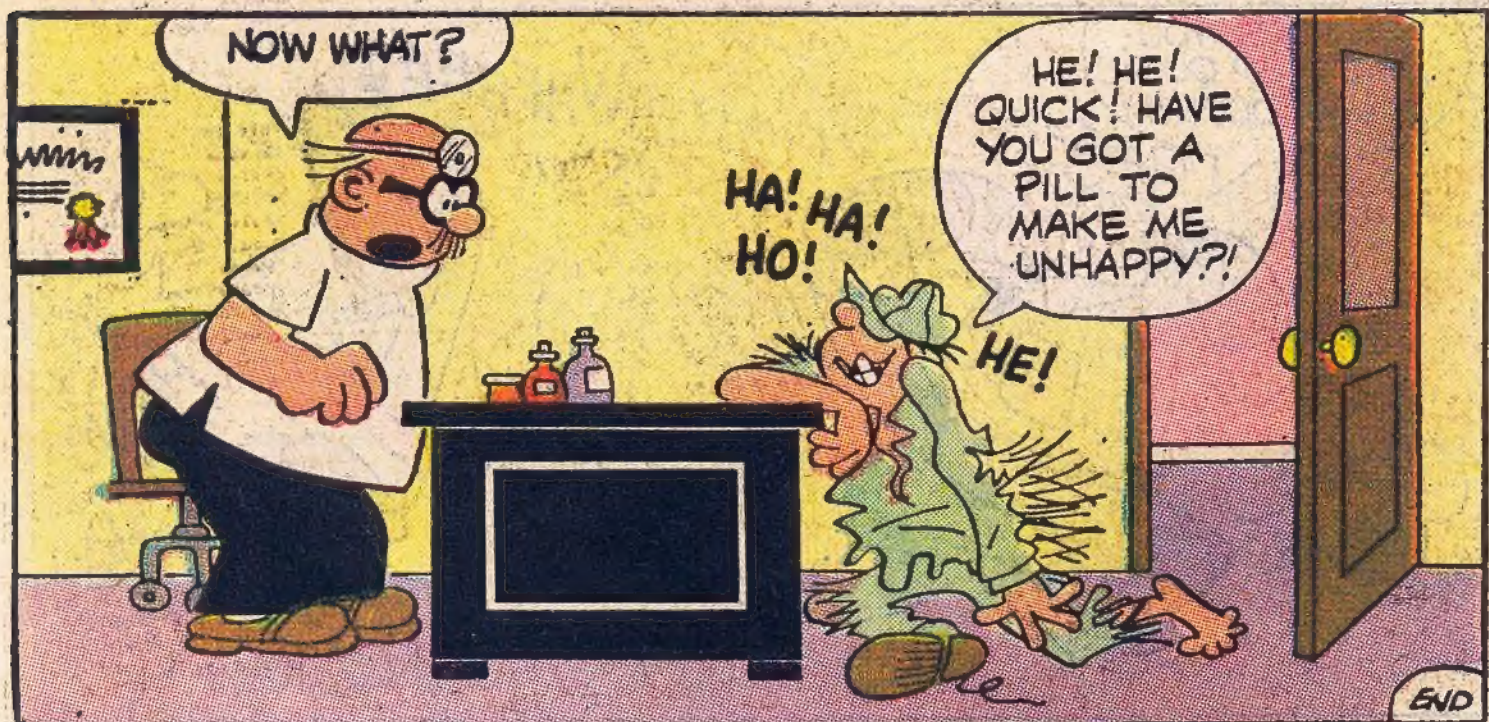
BOY! THESE
ARE SWELL!
HA! HA!
I FEEL
GREAT!



I HOPE I'M
TAKING
ENOUGH
OF THEM









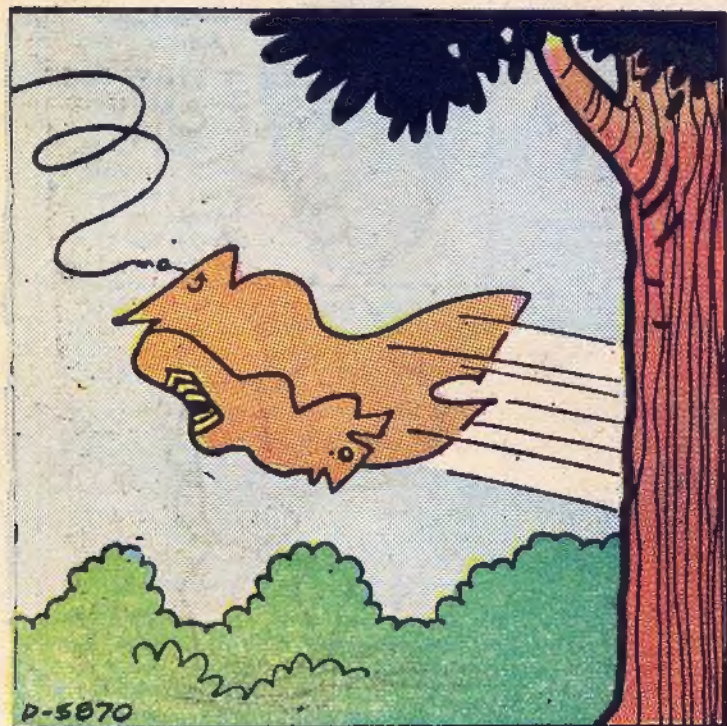
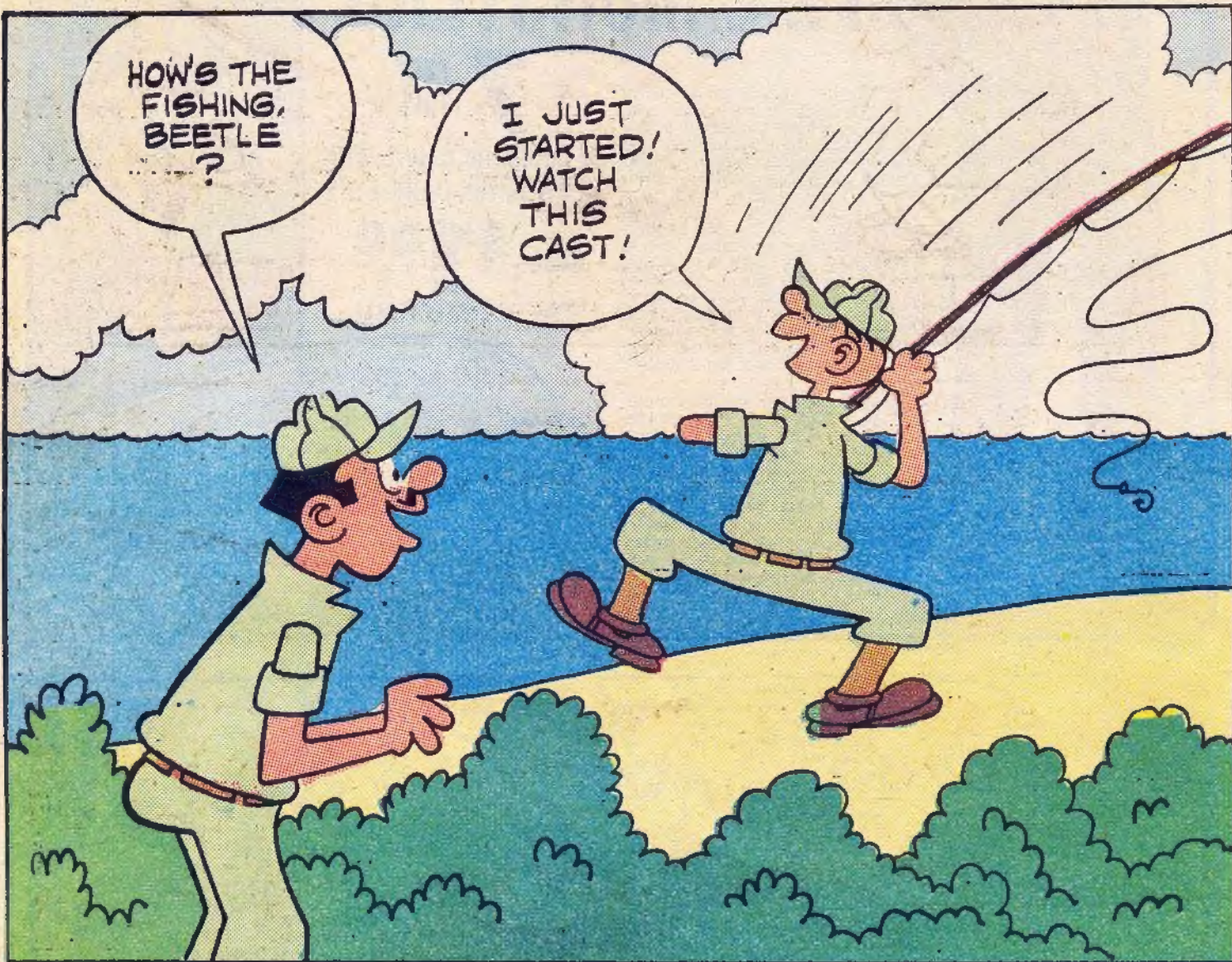
beetle
bailey

in

CATCHING
TROUBLE

HOW'S THE
FISHING,
BEETLE
.....?

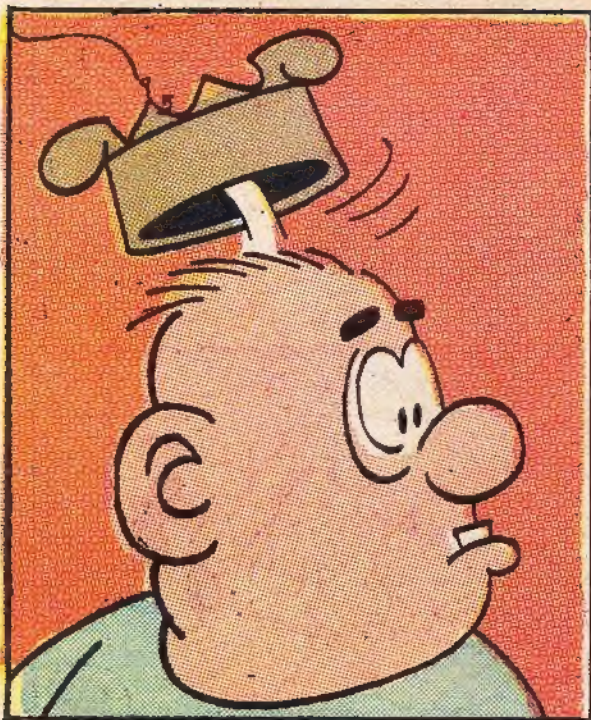
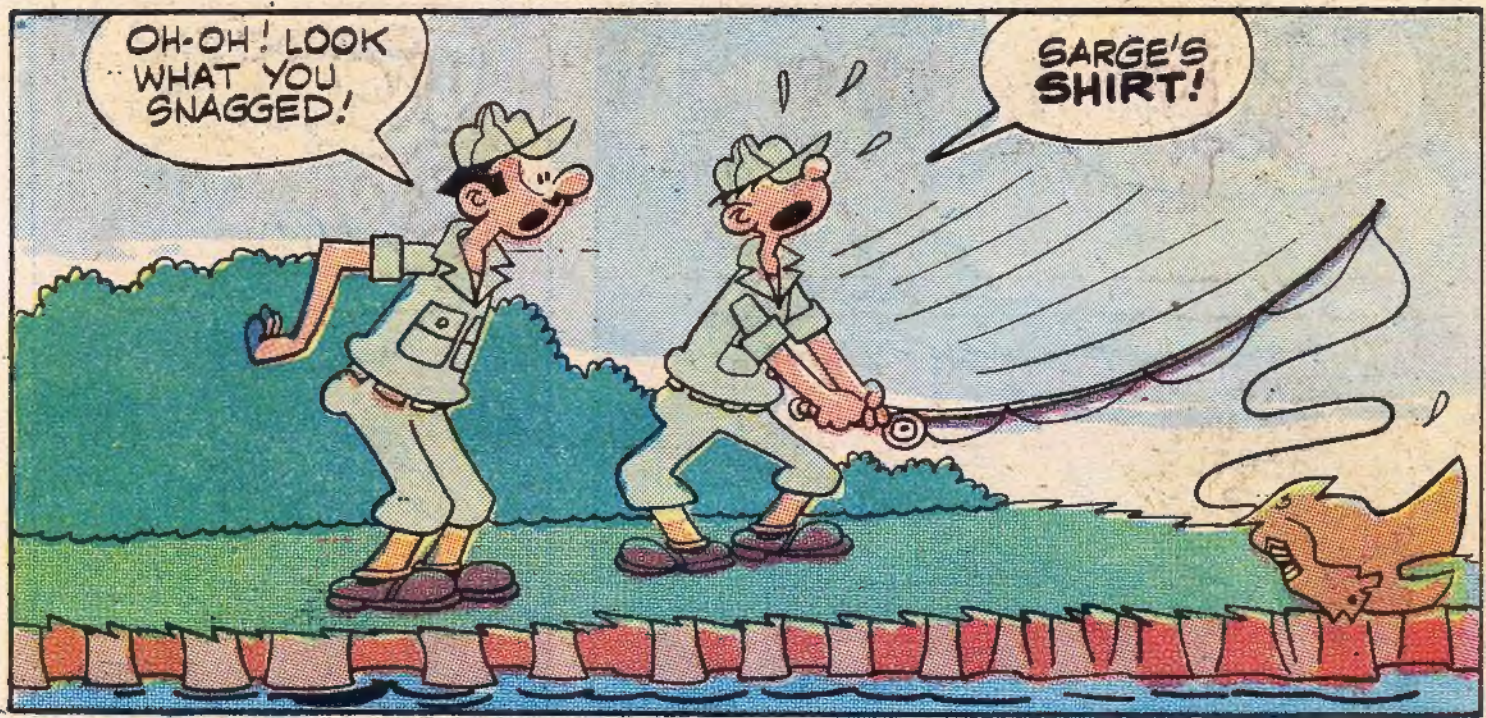
I JUST
STARTED!
WATCH
THIS
CAST!



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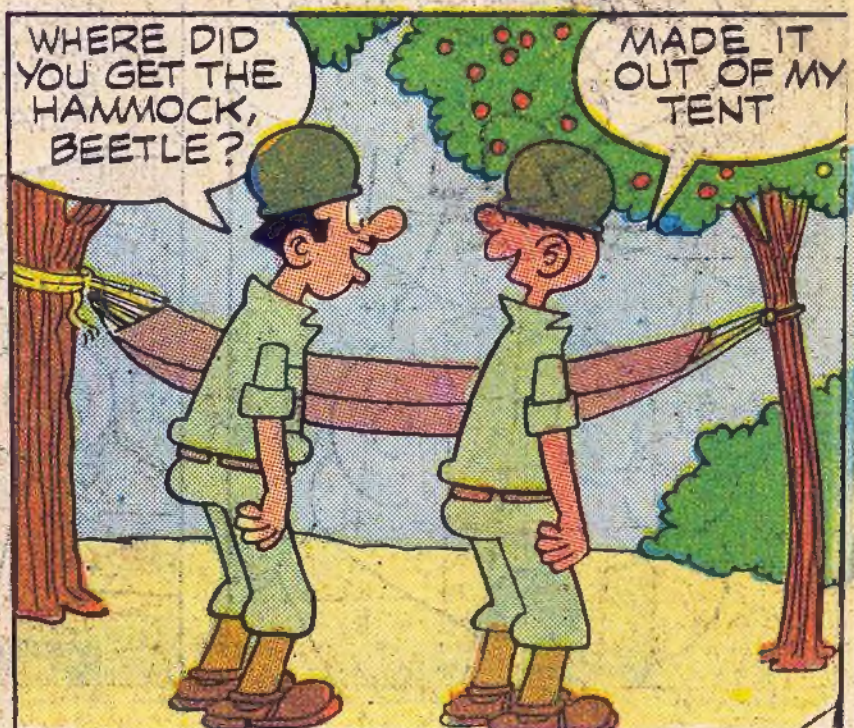
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY SHIRT? I HUNG
IT ON THE TREE
TWO SECONDS AGO!

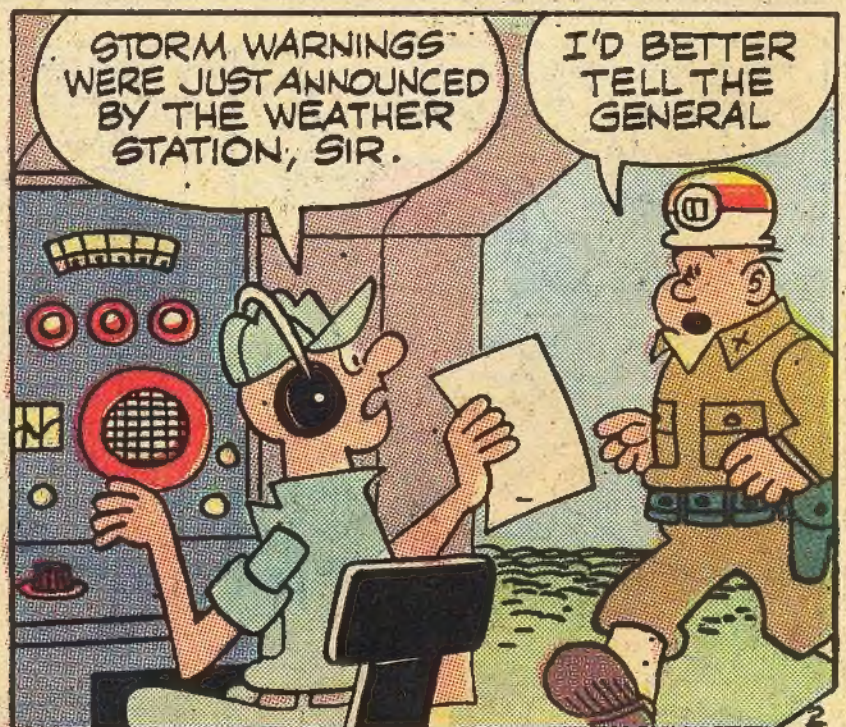
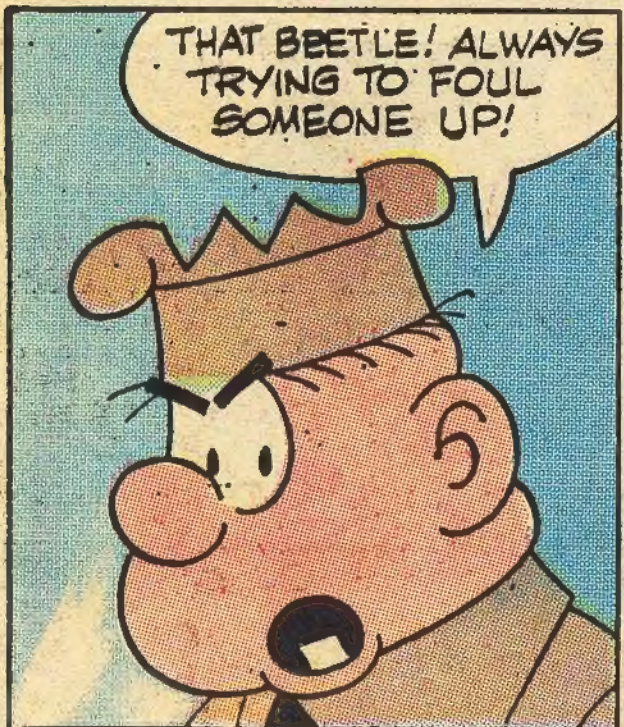
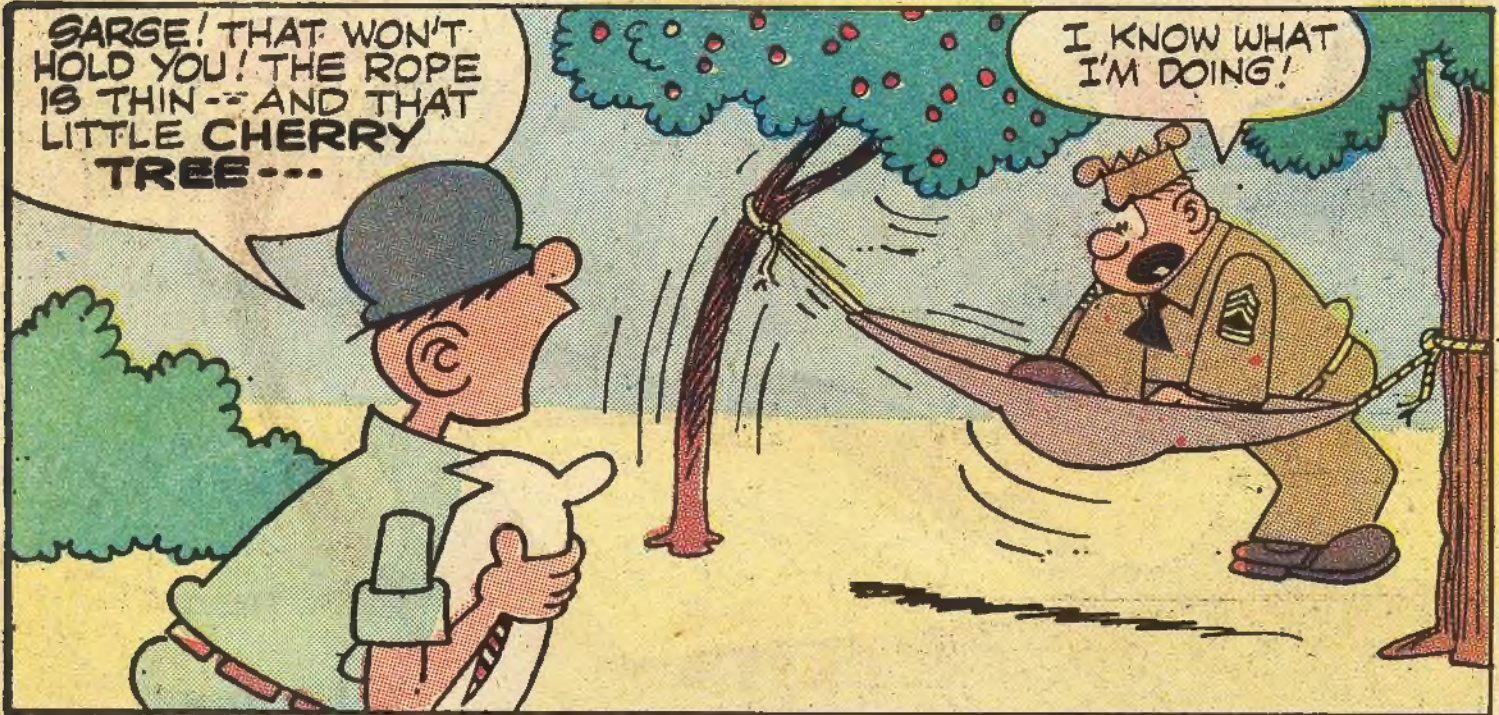






GENERAL HALFTRACK in The **BATTLE PLAN**



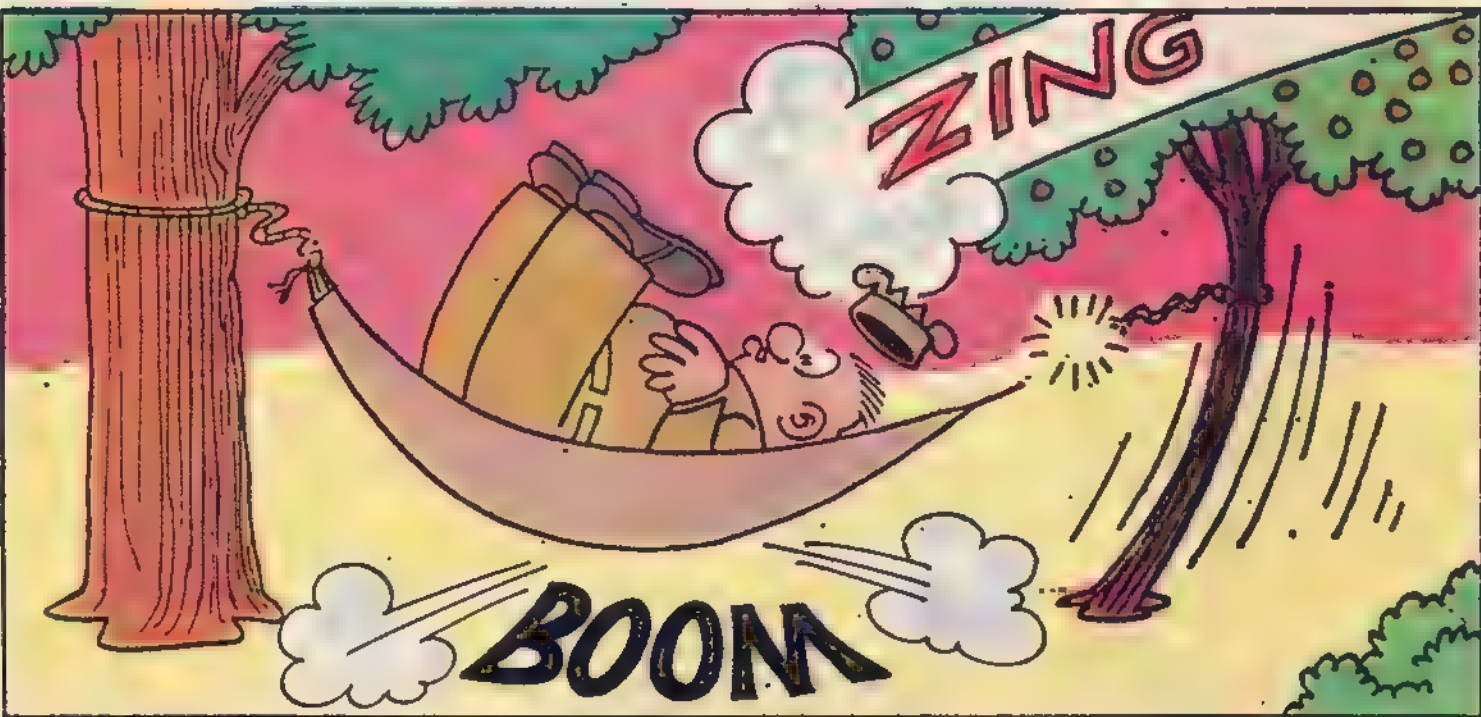


I'M AFRAID HE
WON'T LIKE TO
HEAR THIS



SIR, WE CAN'T
MANEUVER TODAY!
WE'RE IN FOR SOME
VERY UNUSUAL
WEATHER

BOSH! I'VE HAD
EXPERIENCE IN
ALL KINDS OF
WEATHER, AND--



CALL OFF THE
MANEUVER



RUMOR RUMBLES



THAT'S JUST THE WAY **RUMORS**
GET STARTED! YOU'D HAVE
THE WHOLE CAMP IN
AN **UPROAR!**

≡ GULP ≡

THE TROUBLE IS THERE ARE
SO MANY IMPRESSIONABLE
JERKS WHO'D ACTUALLY
BELIEVE THAT
AFRICA RUMOR!

--ER--WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
WITH THAT
MACHETE,
COOKIE?

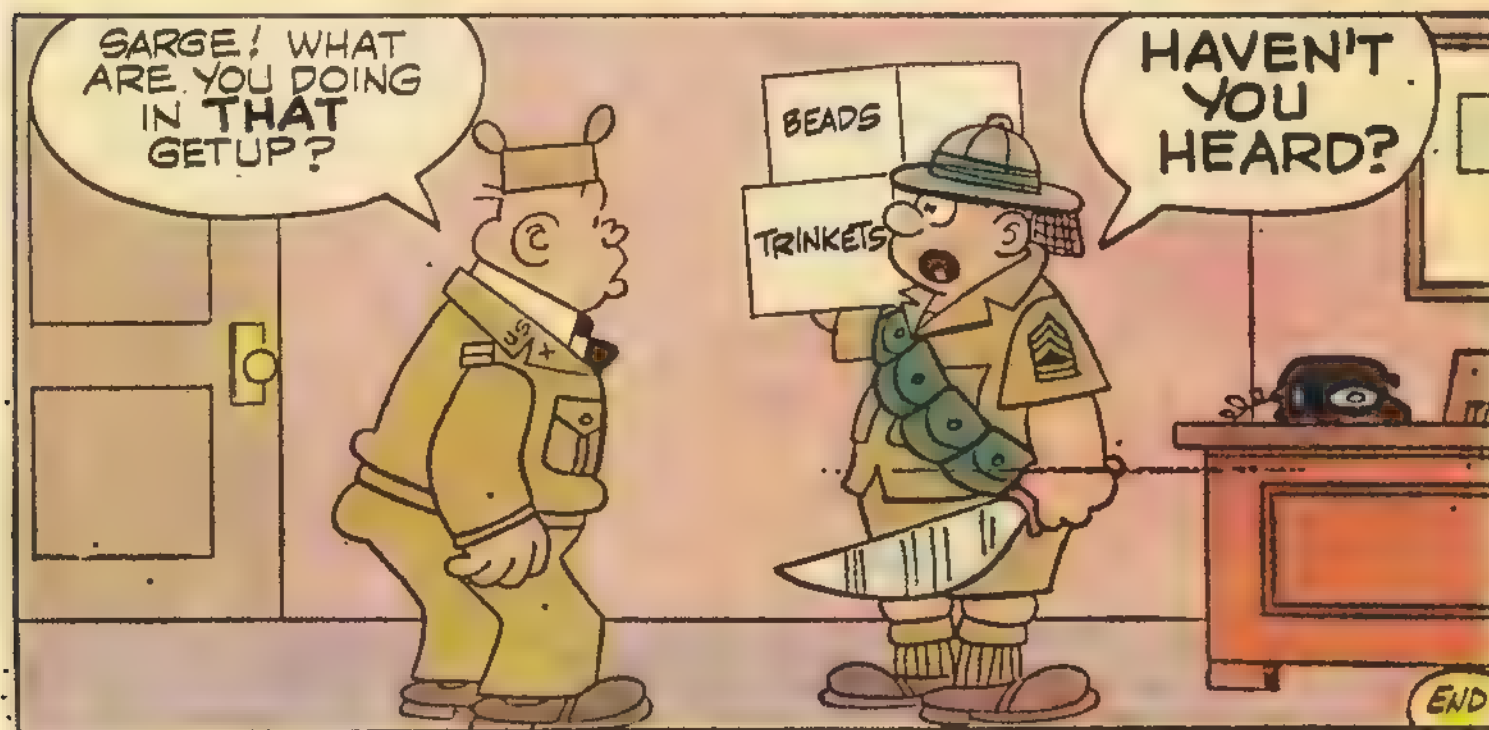
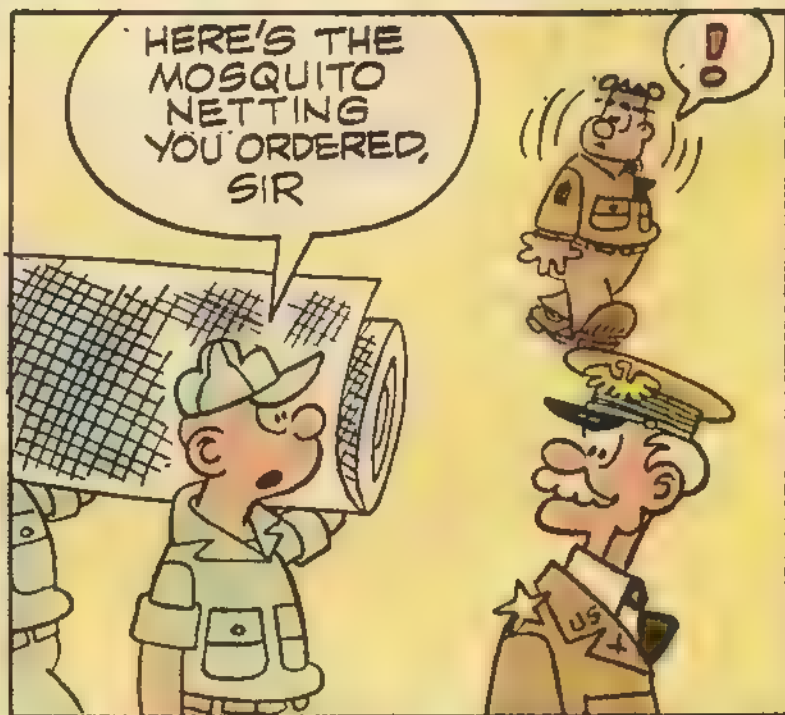
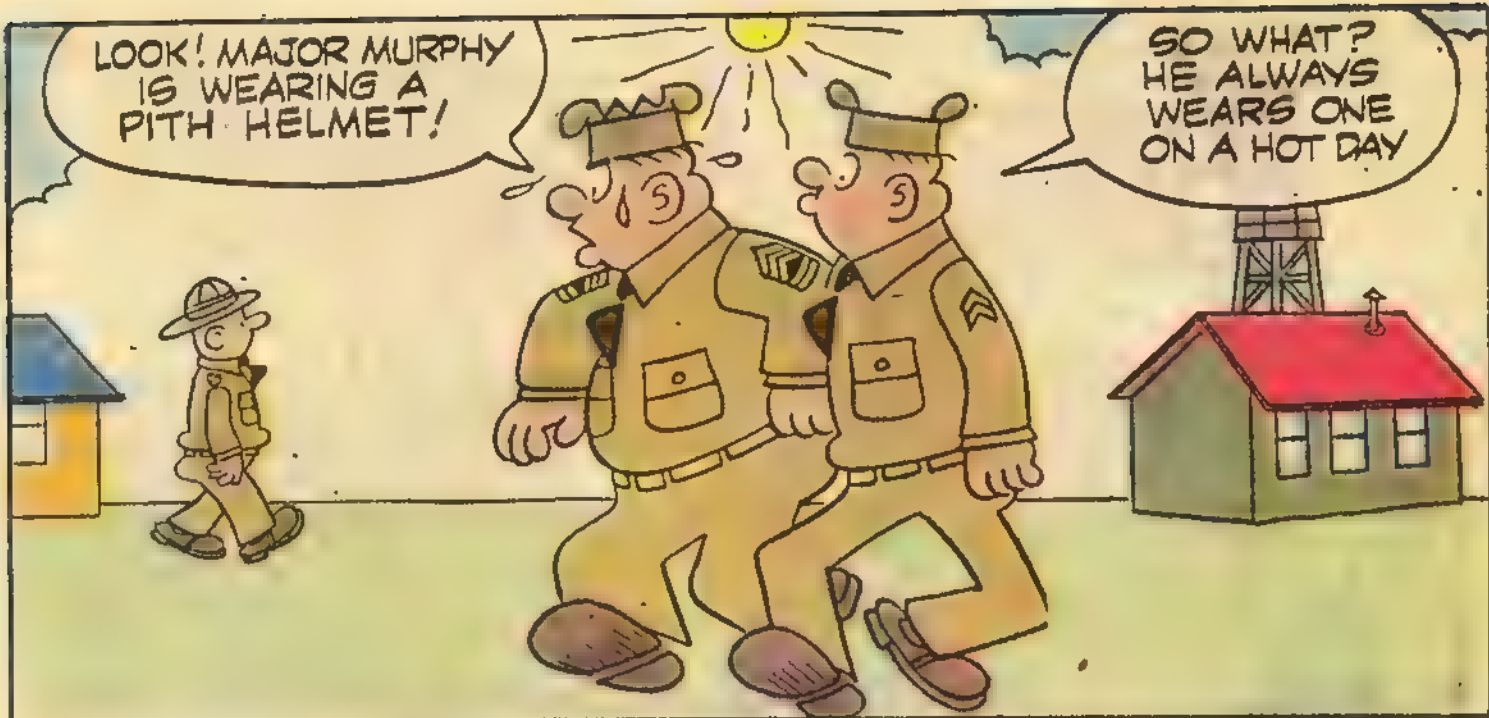
THIS AIN'T NO
MACHETE. IT'S MY
MEAT CLEAVER

PX

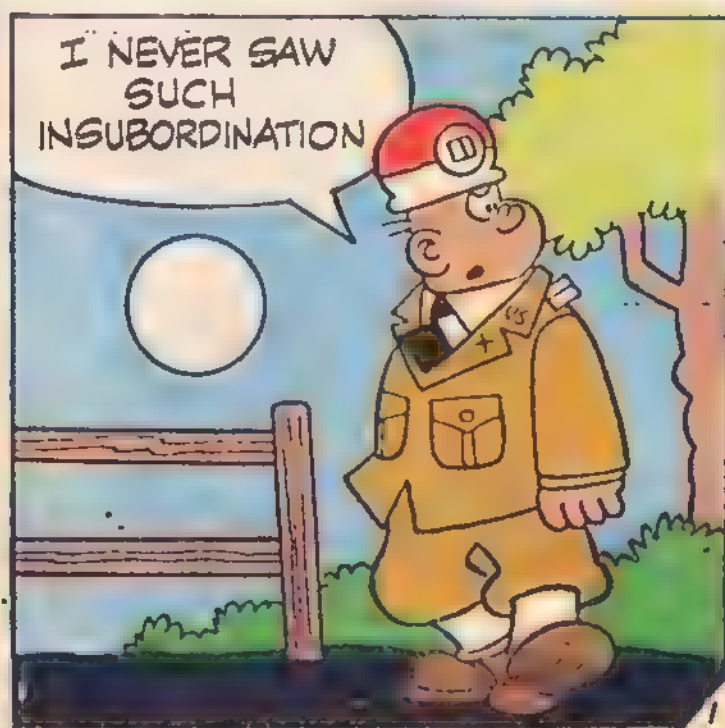
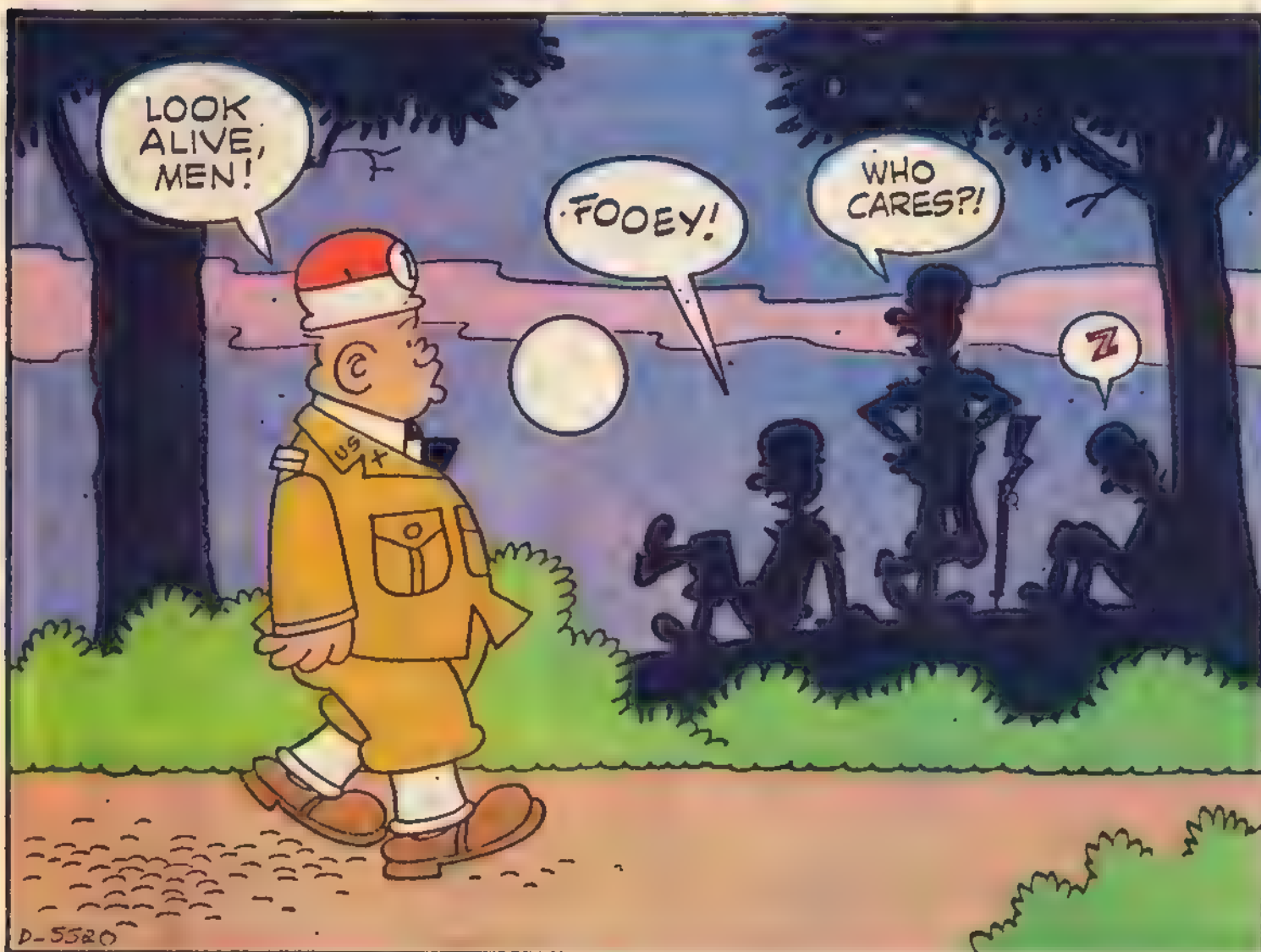
JUST WHAT
I WANTED--
**AFRICAN
VIOLETS**

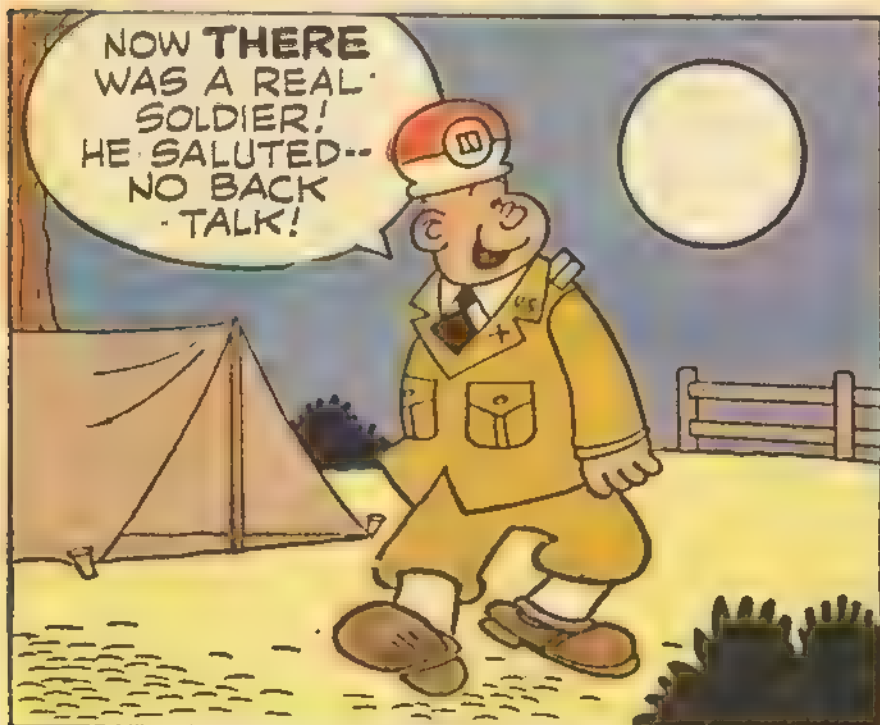
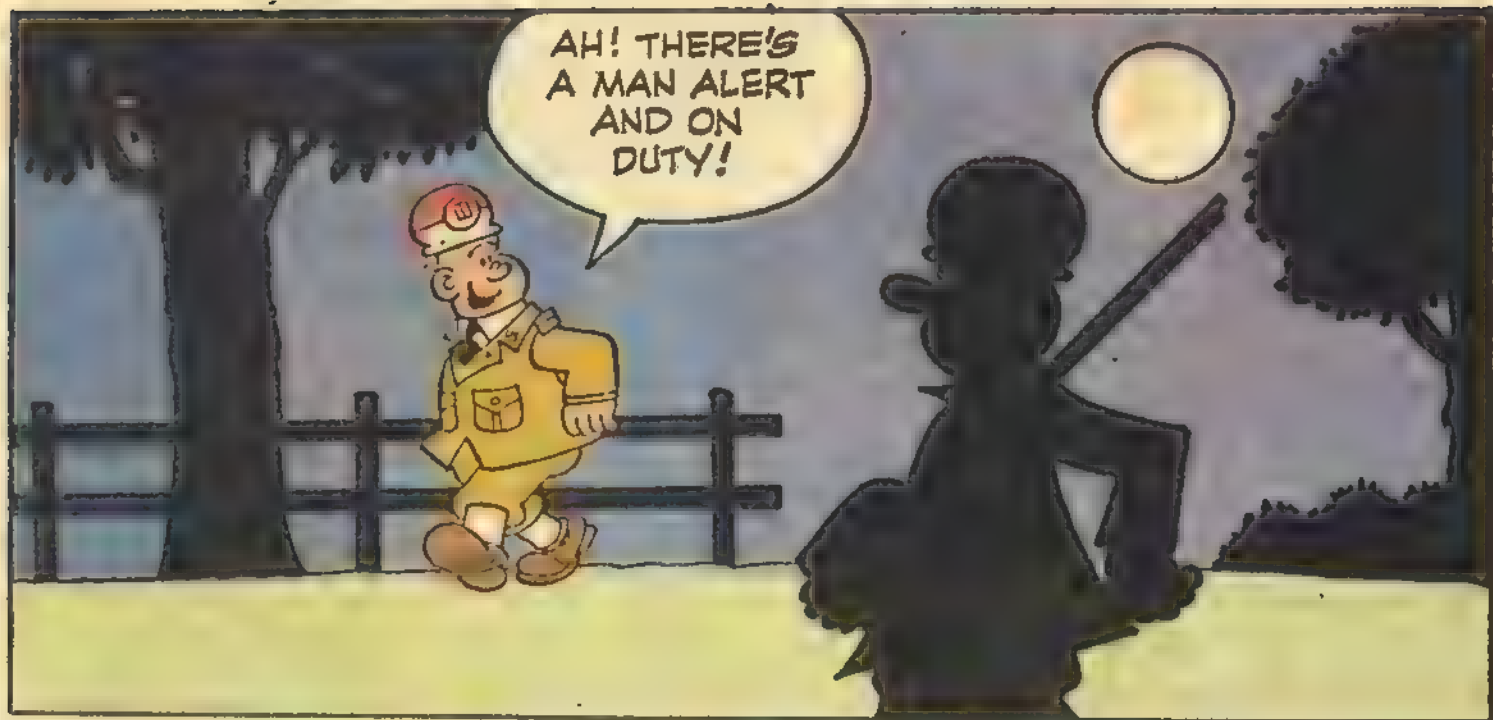
WHY HAVE YOU
GOT ALL THOSE
SHINY BUTTONS
AND BEADS,
CAPTAIN?

I BOUGHT THEM
AT THE P.X. FOR
MY WIFE. SHE'S
MAKING SOME
DRESSES

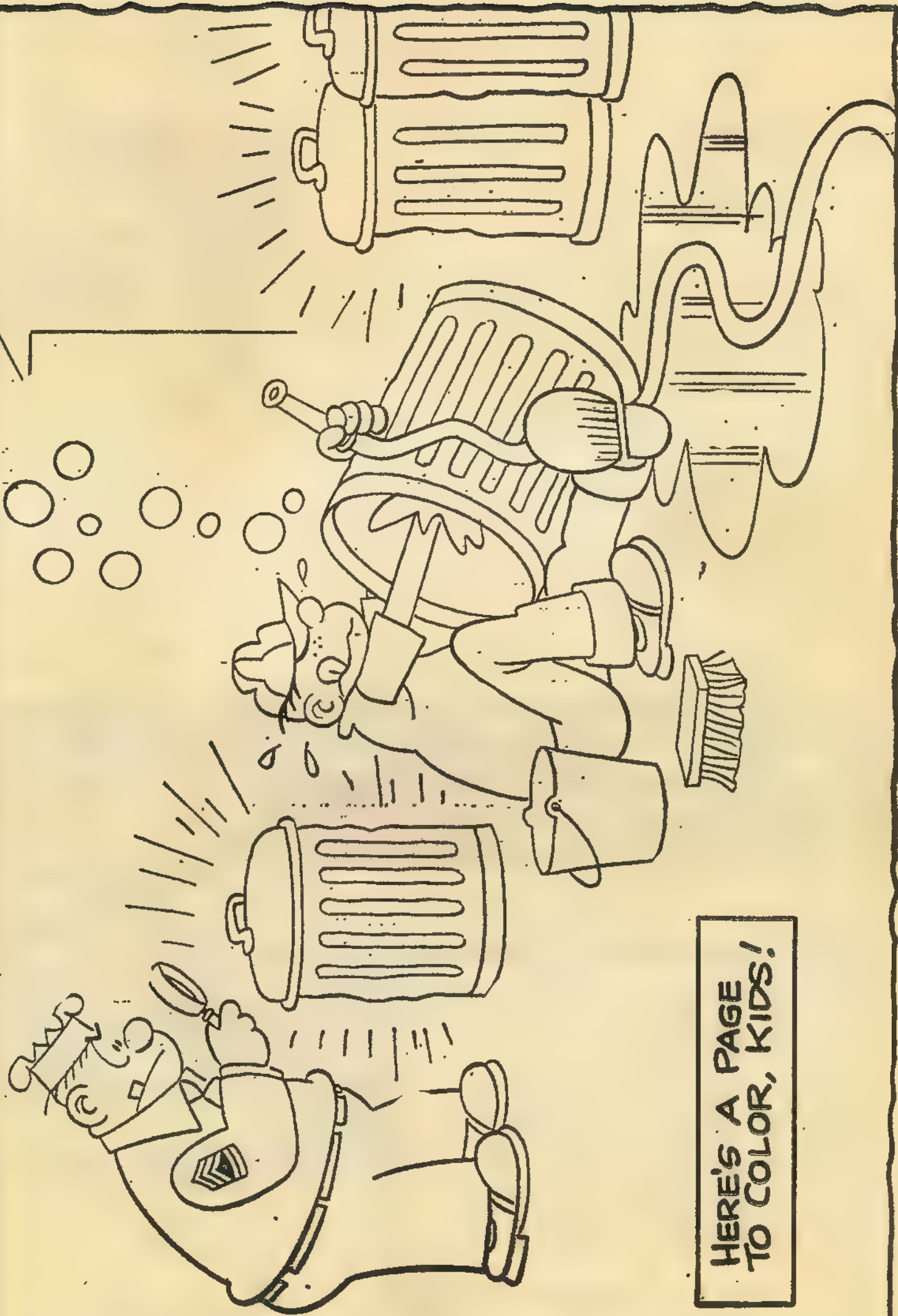


LOOK ALIVE









HERE'S A PAGE
TO COLOR, KIDS!



beetle bailey

by mort walker

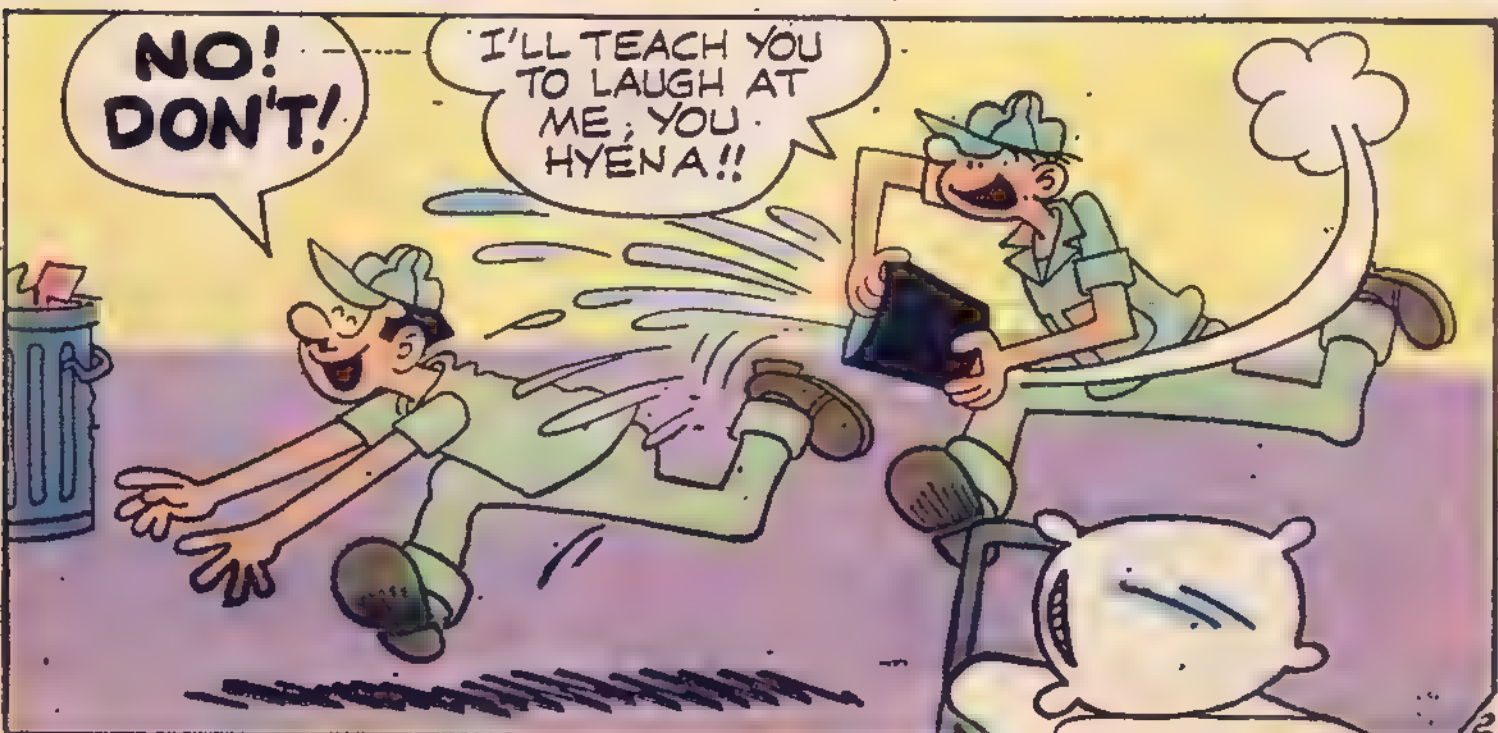
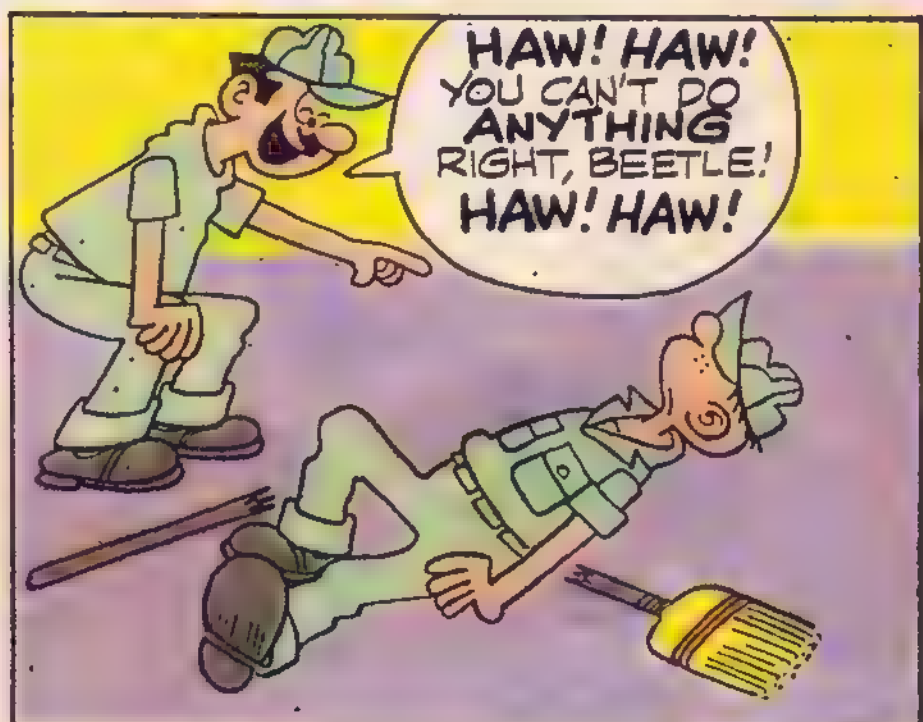
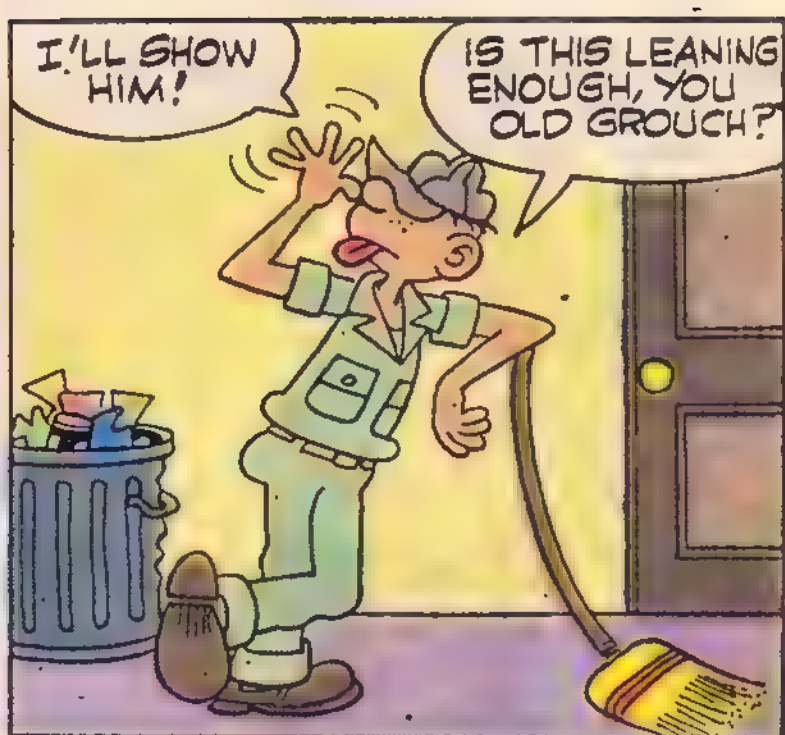
BEETLE! GET
OVER AND
CLEAN THOSE
BARRACKS
OR--

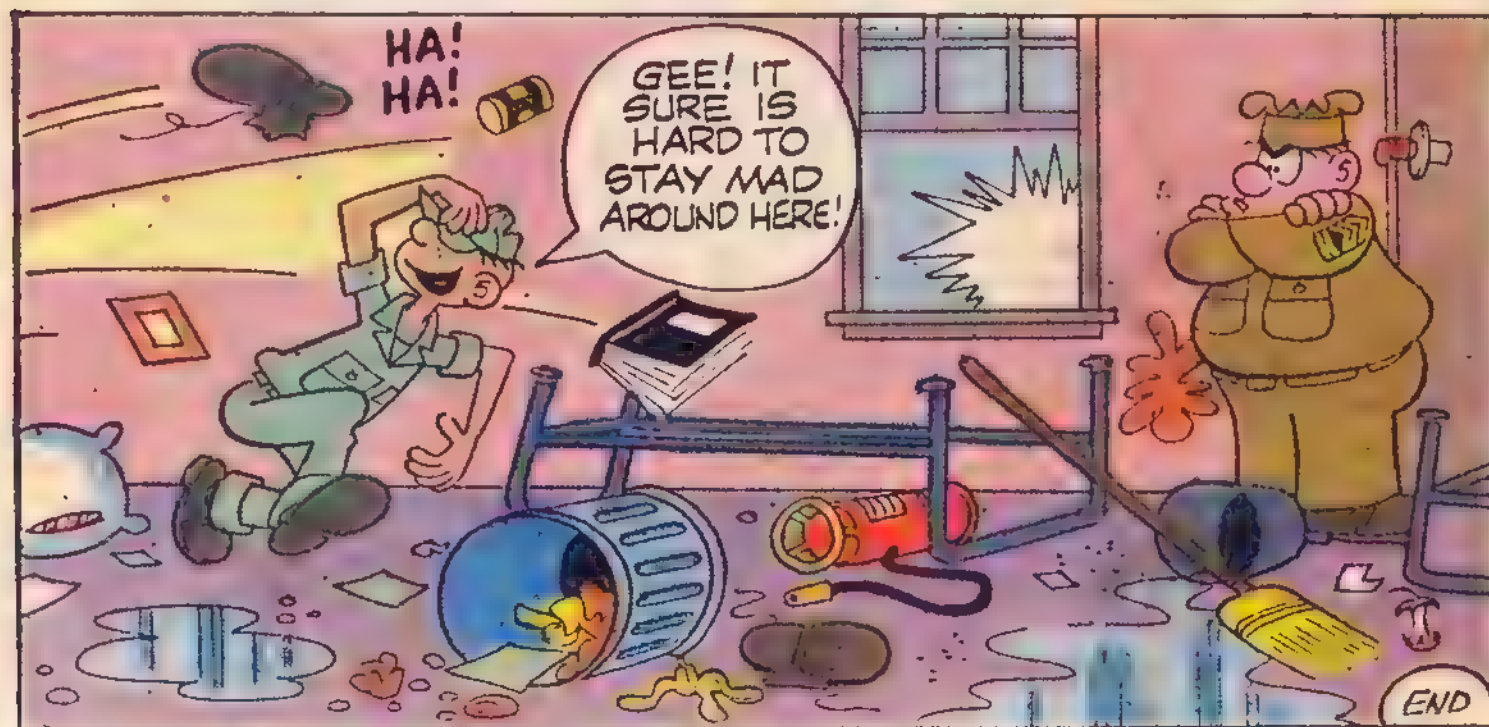
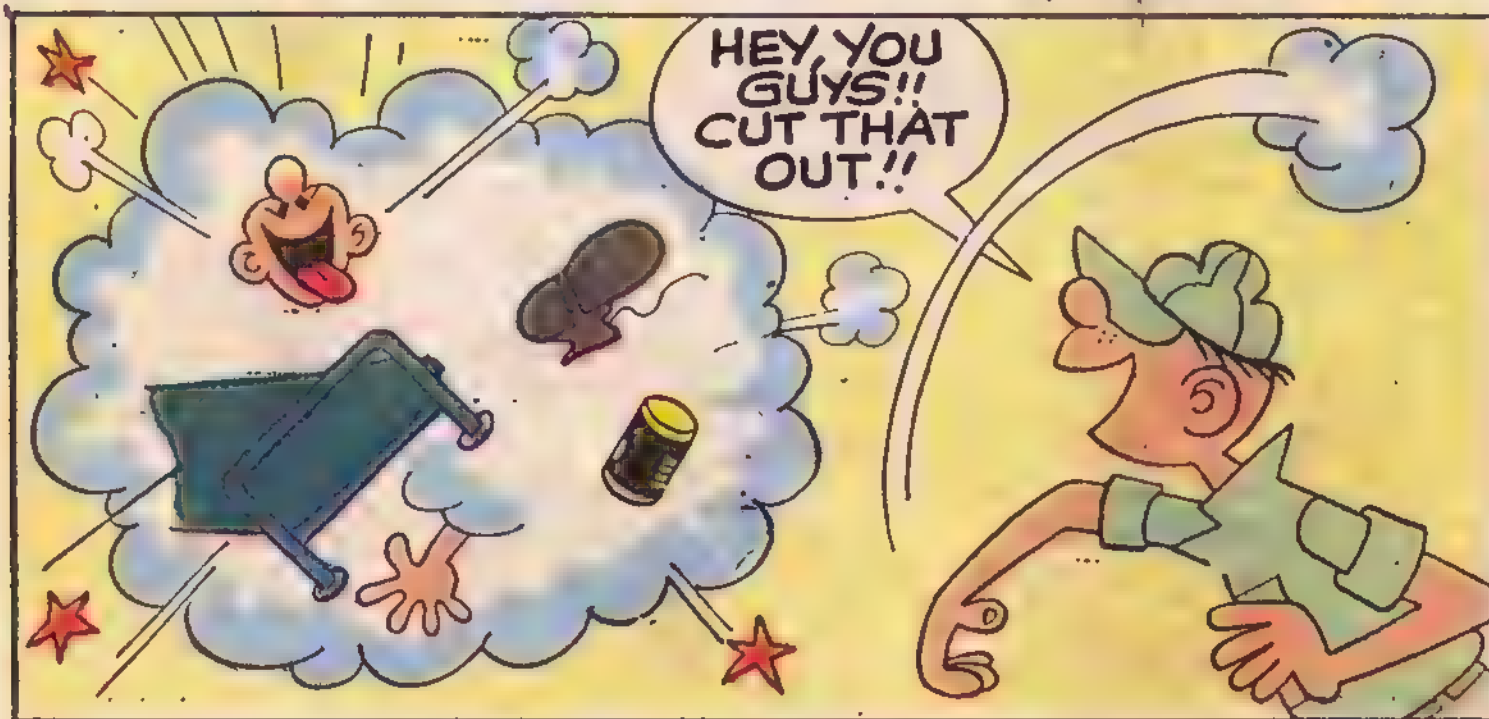
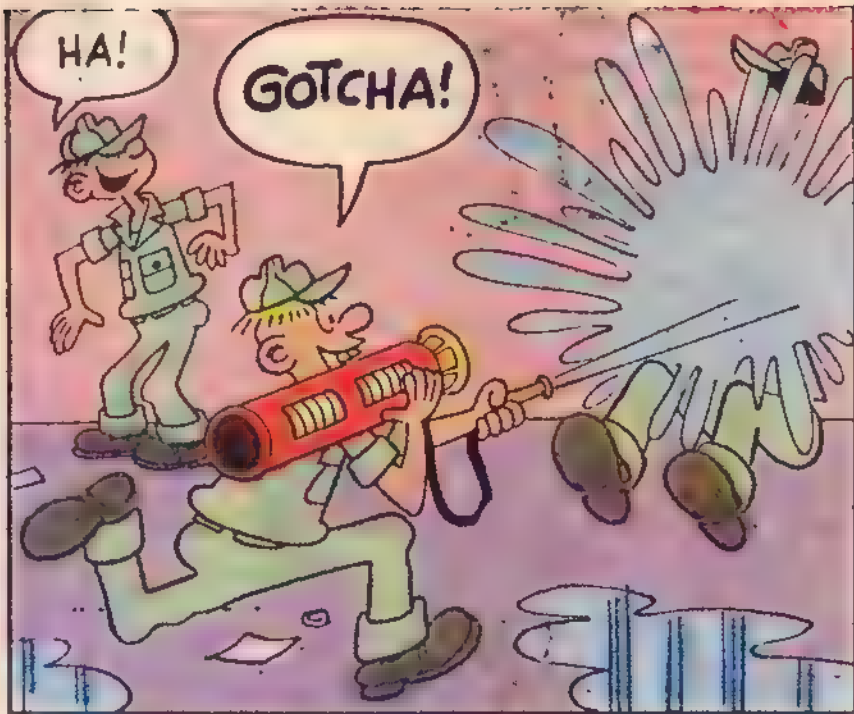
The GOOD
NATURED
GOOF-OFF!

OKAY
OKAY

ALWAYS
YELLING
AT ME! THE
BIG BUM!

IF HE EVER SPOKE TO ME IN
A NORMAL TONE OF VOICE
I'D PROBABLY FAINT
FROM SURPRISE!





STICKY REPORT

SARGE, DO YOU HAVE
THAT REPORT READY
FOR THE GENERAL'S
STAFF MEETING
YET?

ALMOST,
CAPTAIN



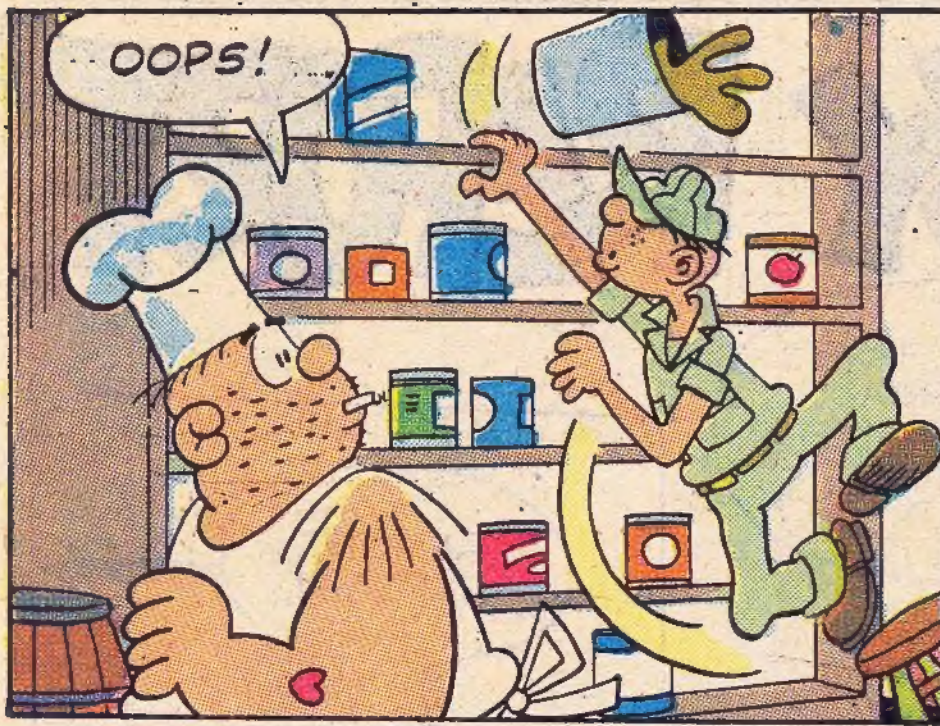
BEETLE! I
NEED YOU
OVER HERE!

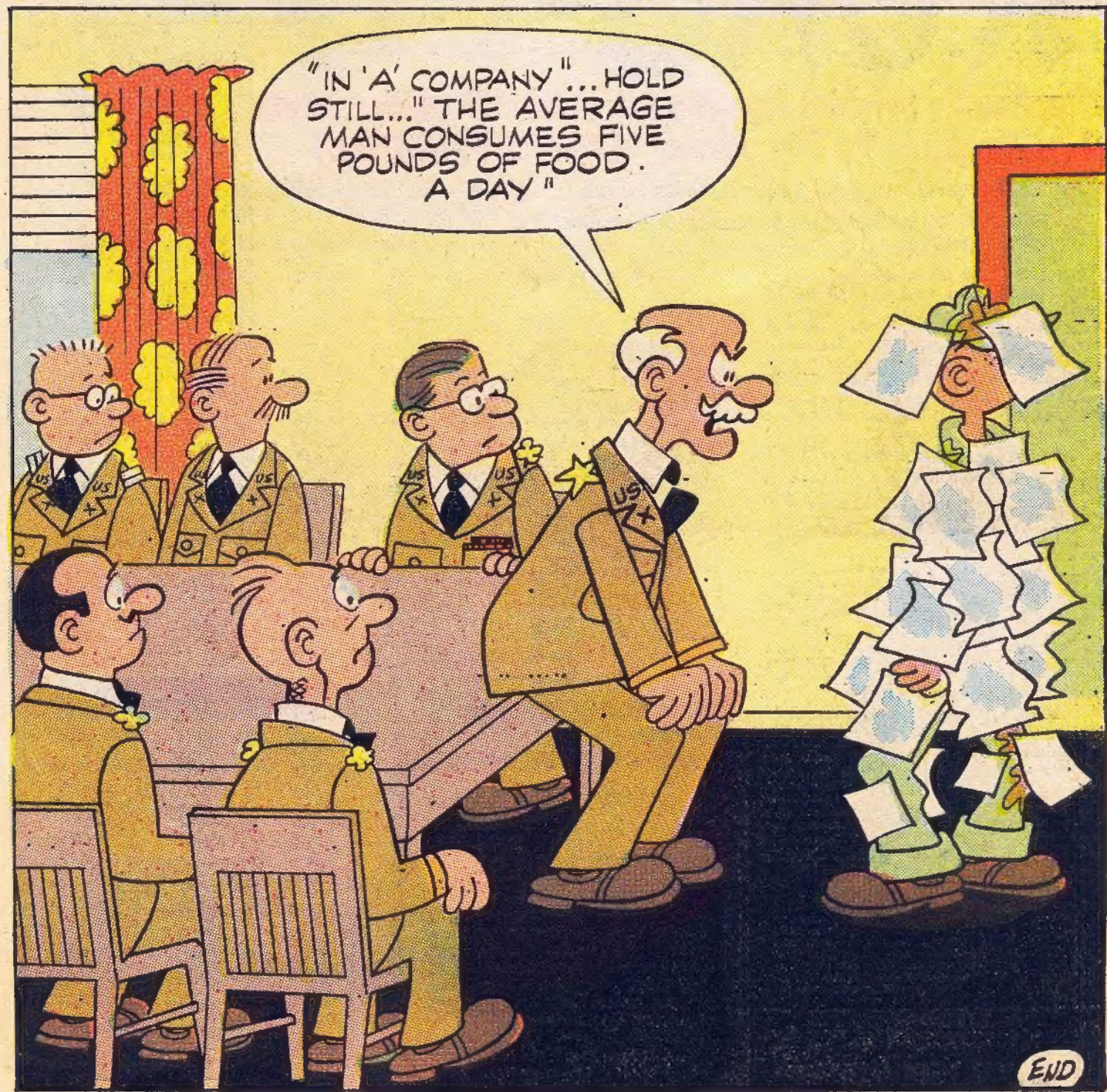
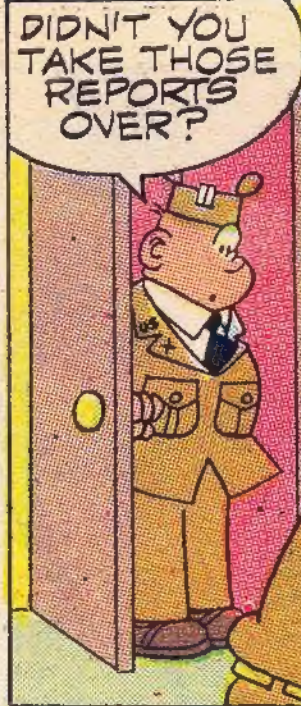
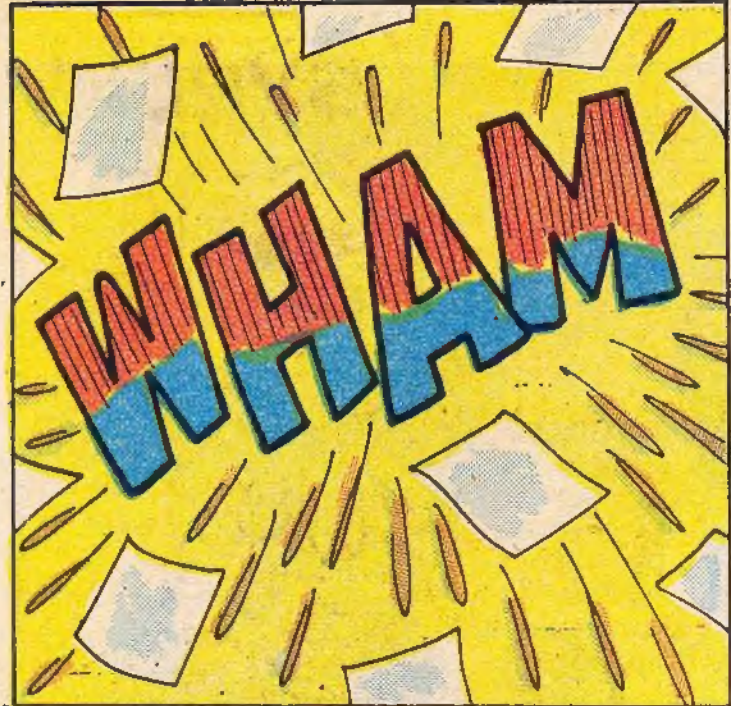


D-5522

SEE WHAT'S
IN THAT
BIG CAN
ON THE
TOP
SHELF







END

SERVICE SMILES



The Wrong Foot

This one took place in an army hospital. In one bed was the driver of an army jeep. There had been an accident, and his right foot had been severely injured. In the adjoining bed was another soldier. A big metal bar had fallen on his right foot, and it too had been severely injured. They compared notes. They both went to the therapy room. There the injured legs were gently massaged. The first soldier yelled almost to high heaven. The second soldier didn't bat an eyelash. He even smiled. Back after a session in the therapy room, the first soldier was curious.

"Maybe I'm not the hero type for pain. You take it so calmly. Got a secret to share with me?"

The second soldier grinned. What to tell that other soldier? "Very simple," he explained. "I let the specialist massage my good foot. That way it doesn't hurt at all."

The General's Party

When the commanding General gives a party, you can bet your last dollar that every officer will attend. No matter how urgent other business may be, this is an absolute MUST. This particular party was for the officers only. Wives were to remain at home. Colonel William Henderson received the invitation. So did his young son, Lieutenant David Henderson.

"I hate to go," sighed the son. "Too much drinking goes on at those affairs. With an open free bar, many men do not know when they have had too much to drink. If you get drunk, every eye is on you. See what a fool you are making of yourself."

"He's right," agreed his mother. "Just keep sober. You have to drive back on that dark road."

As the party got under way, the Colonel found his eye was at the bar. He noticed his son going there from time to time. When he counted the drinks, he really was frightened. A young officer who wants advancement should be sober. So he managed to get his son into a corner.

"I have counted eleven glasses you have taken away from the bar. What do you think you are? Every eye will soon be on you."

"Not on me," grinned the son. "But on you. I told the bartender in a loud voice that the drinks were for you."

Smart Soldier

This story took place in an American army base in

another country. We will say that the soldier concerned spoke the language of that country. He had met a very nice girl. In his mind, there was the idea of getting married to her. Her parents invited him to spend several days as their guest in their small village home. His commanding officer saw that he obtained a five day pass. He really enjoyed himself very much for the first two days. Then he had a headache and also a pain in his nose. The young lady accompanied him to the old village doctor.

That doctor merely went to his cabinet after he heard the symptoms and took out a blue colored bottle. He removed the stopper and passed the open mouth of the bottle under the nose of the soldier.

"Inhale deeply," ordered the village doctor. The soldier did.

"You are now cured," continued the village doctor. "My fee is on the schedule on the wall — line three. Pay me in a gold coin."

"But I am not cured at all," insisted the soldier. "I still feel that pain in my head and in my nose."

"When I say you are cured, then you are cured," continued that old man.

The soldier had to think in a hurry. He took the gold coin out from his jacket and passed it three times under the nose of the doctor.

"Inhale deeply," he ordered repeating what the village doctor had told him. Then he added, "Now you are paid."

"But I am not paid," complained the man deeply puzzled.

"When I say you are paid, then you are paid," grinned the soldier who left the office with the young lady.

Jailed

The young lady reporter had her first interview with the soldier in the post jail.

"Why are you here, you poor unfortunate soldier?" she asked.

"Because they wouldn't let me out," he informed her.

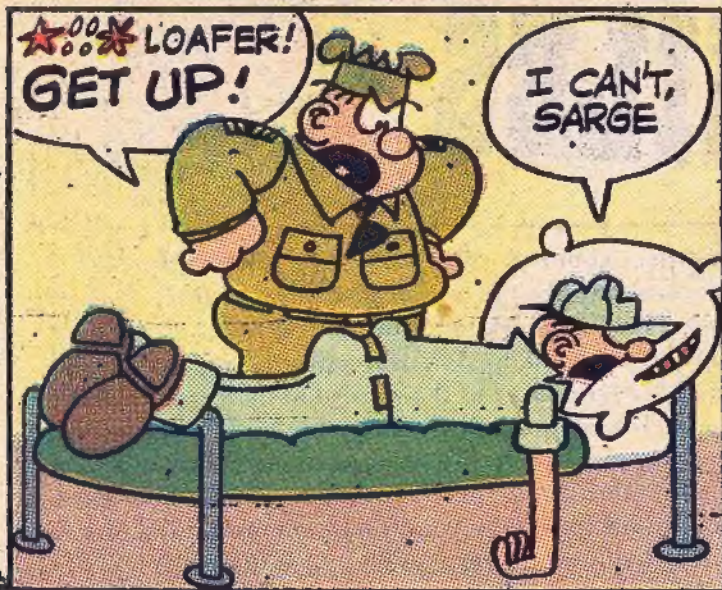
"What did you do to get here?" she continued.

"Nothing at all," was his next answer.

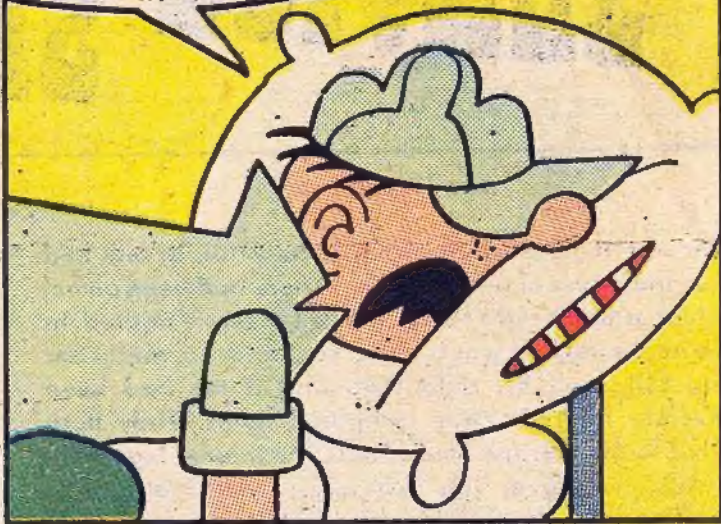
"Impossible," she said. "I will see the commanding officer."

He told the truth. He did nothing at all. He just refused to obey an order.

BEETLE and SARGE



THAT DITCH DIGGING DETAIL
YOU PUT ME ON THIS
MORNING RACKED
ME UP!



WELL, YOU CAN'T SACK
OUT ALL DAY. YOU'RE
GOING TO SEE
THE DOC

